

**Count Boulbon's Last Battle.**

We have already published the fact of the capture and execution of Count Raousset Boulbon. Our California files give the following account of his last fight:

Capt. Johnson left Fort Yuma about the 2d of September. On the 1st, a party of two Germans and one American reached the Colorado direct from Guaymas, which place they left about the 10th of August.—They reported that Count Raousset Boulbon arrived at Guaymas in the early part of August in a small boat, accompanied by a few friends. He immediately landed, placed himself at the head of the French troops in the service of Sonora, and was by them received with enthusiasm and delight.

After organizing his forces, he made a demonstration against the government, whereupon the Sonorians turned out in force, aided by one company of Germans under Captain Seafeldt, and one of Irish and other foreigners, with two heavy cannon and one howitzer. The Germans and Irish stuck closely to the Sonorians. A desperate conflict took place in the streets of Guaymas between the opposing forces.

The battery was served with terrible effect by the Germans and Irish, and numbers of the French fell at every discharge. Still headed by Boulbon, they charged furiously up to the very mouth of the cannon, but were again and again repulsed with great loss.

Boulbon's force amounted to nearly 400 men, all of whom are represented to have fought with desperate courage. But the Germans and Irish, with their cannon, could not be dislodged, while the Mexicans, taking heart, assailed the French on all sides.

In the midst of the conflict Boulbon challenged the Colonel of the Sonorian forces to single combat. It was accepted, and as they were approaching each other, Boulbon was struck with an escopette ball, and fell severely wounded from his horse.

The Sonorians, Germans and Irish set up a shout of triumph, and the French immediately ceased firing, and surrendered. Boulbon was taken, and was to be executed by the Sonorians, even in his wounded condition, immediately. Many of his companions would probably share his fate, and the Mexicans were wild with exultation.

From 90 to 120 Frenchmen are said to have been killed in the conflict. Thus, unhappily, has ended the life of one of the noblest and most chivalrous spirits of the age. He was a hero, and his fate will be mourned by his countrymen here, and regretted by all who admire true nobility of soul, everywhere.

An eminent and venerable man has just died at Washington, in the person of William Darby. Of the deceased the National Intelligencer has the following obituary notice:

**DIED**—Yesterday, in this city, William Darby, Esq., in the 80th year of his age. Mr. Darby was a native of Pennsylvania, but in his infancy removed with his parents to Ohio, when the whole trans-Allegheny country was a wilderness inhabited by fierce and savage tribes of Indians. Reared in that country, he grew with its growth, and aided by his love of physical and especially of geographical science, he was better acquainted with the geography and early history of the Great West than any man we have known. His knowledge was not, however, confined to his own country, but ranged through all the world and through all recorded history. The acquirements engrafted on a mind of remarkable vigor and power of analysis, rendered him the most accurate historian, geographer and statistician of whom we have ever had any knowledge. Nor was he less remarkable for the wisdom which he drew from the lessons of history and experience. He was a man of singular sincerity, probity and benevolence, and was equally deserving of respect for his virtues, and of admiration for the powers of his enlightened understanding.

George E. Pugh will be the only Locofoco member of the next Congress from Ohio. The remnant of the party that elected him could not be more fitly represented than by this diminutive small potato politician,

"O potatoes they grow small;  
This year small, very small," &c.  
—[O. S. Journal.]

For the Journal.

**Notes by the Way, of a trip Westward.**

FROM STELLIE'S PORTFOLIO.

On a bright sunny day in autumn, I stepped on board the packet —, westward bound. The cabin was quite full, and espying a seat away in the corner, I made my way to it, and once comfortably seated, looked around for a familiar face. None met my view, and feeling somewhat lonely, (for I had just taken a hasty farewell of friends,) I leaned back in my seat and began surveying my fellow passengers. Much may sometimes be learned of a person's character by a close observance of their physiognomy; but how much I learned of the characters of those present at that time I know not; I have never, and, probably never shall see any of them again.

In one corner sat a young lady, with a countenance expressive of much amiability, just returning from a two years visit in the east. Oh! how her eye sparkled with pleasure and became radiant with hope, as she spoke of home and the loved ones she soon expected to meet! Alas! thought I, how many have been as near home, and have, in imagination, as fondly embraced the loved ones there, and yet never realized the anticipated pleasure. May thy fond hopes, fair lady, be not thus blasted by disappointment. A little further on sat another, a little older and more matronly, attired in a plain and neatly fitting traveling dress, and looking the very personification of goodness. I felt a strong inclination to introduce myself and have a social chat with her, but timidity overcame me and I remained silent. Next sat an old lady in a silk dress and false hair, with plenty of other "fixins," as they say, prim and shiny as if just issuing from a starch factory, born and brought up away down east in the land of "wooden nutmegs," "pumpkin pies," and "steady habits," a wonderful personage to be sure. She had a friend who kept a "big hotel" in Hartford, and she had been there, and to New York, and "lots" of other big places; but what surprised us more than all else, and put the climax on the preceding was, that she, the aforesaid old lady, had been in sight of the veritable iron horse, heard him snort, and, "mirabile dictu," been on a rail steamboat! Out of respect to her age we did our laughing in our sleeves. (By the way, a fashionable sleeve is admirably adapted to that purpose!)

The next which attracted my attention was a group of three; two parents with their sick child. They were Germans of the higher class, well-dressed and intelligent. Anxiety for their sick child was plainly depicted in their faces, while its cries were distressing to all present. Their efforts to soothe it were unavailing, until the matronly lady came forward, took a vial from her pocket, and administering a few drops of its contents to the child, it nestled down on its mother's breast and was soon quietly asleep.

Near this group was another person professing to belong to the "genus feminine," and sustaining the relation of mother to three little—beauties, perhaps, but the dirt upon their faces precluded the possibility of determining. This with me was inexcusable now, though it might not have been a few weeks ago on land. The mother seemed tired and worn, and stretching herself upon a lounge near a table where some self-styled gentlemen were playing cards, she fixed her eyes on her playful group and proceeded to give orders. "Get down or I'll whip you;" "Let him alone;" "Stop your noise;" and many others of similar phraseology frequently fell upon our ears, till all were disgusted. Not far from where I sat was another trio, composed of father, mother and only child, a sprightly boy of eight summers, who would have been pretty, but unfortunately, he was a "spoilt child." The mother was a pale delicate woman, with a countenance indicating much gentleness and amiability of character, and a real lady. The boy, as is often the case, made many attempts at smartness which were gently but earnestly reproved by his mother, and laughed at by his father; in short, the father was plainly daguerreotyped in the son. The father was "some," as they say out west; he wore whiskers, a gold chain, (I did not see the watch,) flourished a gold tooth-pick, and cast scornful glances

at a plain but neatly attired female nearly opposite, who, to relieve the tedium of the journey, had taken her knitting from her pocket and was industriously plying her needles. Once I heard him speaking of knitting and the piano in connection, at the same time casting his eyes at the delicate embroidery on which his wife was at work. What it was I did not precisely understand, but from his look and tone, I "guessed" his meaning. A game of checkers was proposed by the father to the son and they set to work. There was a scarcity of men (I think they called them) and a quantity of gold dollars were displayed upon the board. I turned away disgusted at this attempted display, till my attention was again arrested by hearing a game of backgammon proposed by the son. This for want of dice, they were obliged to forego. A short time after, I saw them both standing by the card table looking at the players. I was too much shocked to look longer in that direction, and turning away, was soon lost in my own reflections. A boy eight years old at the card table, led there by his father. Should that child grow up a gambler, and indulge in all the vices which almost necessarily attend gambling. O, what a fearful account must that father render. And when, at the bar of God, the sentence of banishment is pronounced upon that son, and he, perhaps, with all the agony of despair, turns toward his parent while his look of terror seems to say—Father, you taught me to gamble, you led me to the card table, with you I played the first game—can describe the remorse of that parent? Imagination must paint the scene.

At that moment the bell rang which put an end to my reflections, the cry of "Passengers for P—" brought me to my feet, and I stepped on shore, glad to escape the sight of which I had been so long an unwilling spectator.

**LETTER FROM SAN FRANCISCO—THE COCOS ISLAND ROMANCE.**—A vessel has just left San Francisco, freighted with an adventure of a novel character.

It is known, and as a part of Mexican history, that at the period when the Viceroy of Spain feared the success of the revolution that freed Mexico from the yoke of Spain, he shipped vast treasures, belonging to the Government and to the churches, to Acapulco, destined for Manila. Nothing had been heard of the vessel during several years, when it became known to the authorities that she had been taken by pirates, and all on board murdered.

In turn, it is alleged, the pirates, banded by certain regulations to know the whereabouts of each other, were, in some manner or other, killed off—the last of them revealing to an Englishman in India, when dying, with great precision, the place of deposit of this treasure, amounting to more than \$10,000,000. The little island Cocos, some four or five hundred miles west of Panama, is said to contain the cached treasure.

This Englishman, a veritable man of commercial habits, and formerly of wealth, arriving at San Francisco without the necessary means, in order to obtain it, communicated the secret to a distinguished citizen, who, joined with a few others and a very choice crew, have taken the Englishman on board, well armed, with all the appurtenances for a trip of pleasure, in the confident certainty of bringing back the where-with to ease our money market.

These are the reliable facts of this case, as yet only known confidentially to a few friends, who are offering each other \$5,000 for every \$1,000 invested in the Cocos Island stock. The island is barren and uninhabited, and the ex-merchant of Calcutta goes with this party "with a rope around his neck," sure of the treasure. It will yet be some time before the active reporters of the press get hold of it here, measures of great secrecy being necessary to success. Two months will, however, decide the great adventure.

**FREE STOCK BANKS OF INDIANA.**—It is stated in the Indianapolis Journal of Oct. 2d, that bills of the Free Banks, to the amount of \$491,000, had been returned to the auditor's office, and the stock represented by said bills withdrawn and sold.

**THE ADVANTAGES OF A BAD TEMPER.**—A person always ready to fight is certain of

the greatest consideration amongst his or her family circle. The lazy grow tired of contending with him; the timid coax and flatter him; and as almost every one is timid or lazy, a bad-tempered man is sure to have his own way. It is he who commands, and all the others obey. If he is a gourmand, he has what he likes for dinner; and the tastes of all the rest are subservient to him. She (we playfully transfer the gender, as a bad temper is of both sexes) has the place which she likes best in the drawing-room, nor do her parents, nor her brothers and sisters, venture to take her favorite chair. If she wants to go to a party, mamma will dress herself in spite of her headache; and papa, who hates those dreadful soirees, will go up stairs after dinner and put on his poor old white neckcloth, though he has been toiling at chambers all day, and must be there early in the morning—he will go out with her, we say, and stay for the cotillon. If the family are taking their tour in the summer, it is she who ordains whither they shall go, and when they shall stop. If he comes home late, the dinner is kept for him; and not one dares to say a word though ever so hungry. If he is in good humor, every one frisks about, and is happy! How the servants jump at his bell, and run to wait upon him! How they sit up patiently, and how eagerly they rush out to fetch cabs in the rain! Whereas for you and me who have the tempers of angels, and never were known to be angry or complain, nobody cares whether we are pleased or not. Our wives go to the milliners and send us the bill, and we pay it; our John finishes reading the newspaper before he answers our bell and brings it to us; our sons loiter in the arm-chair which we should like—fill the house with their young men, and smoke in the dining-room; our tailors fit us badly; our butchers give us the youngest mutton; our tradesmen dun us much more quickly than other people, because they know we are good-natured; and our servants go out whenever they like, and openly have their friends to supper in the kitchen.—[The New-comer.]

**ANGLING EXTRAORDINARY.**—A few days ago a party of anglers were amusing themselves with the rod by the river-side in Chelmsford, and having thrown a barbed bait on the ground behind them, they found soon after on turning round, that they had hooked a very "strange fish"—nothing less than a fine Cochon China fowl, belonging to Mrs. Myers. It appears that the unsophisticated foreigner, ignorant of the wiles and deceptions of English anglers, espied the tempting bait, and regarding it as one of the unconsidered trifles that were lawful perquisites, seized upon and swallowed it with as much zest as one of its countrymen would a mouthful of worm broth or bird's-nest soup. The sad mistake was soon discovered by fisherman and fowl. The pilferer appeared in great danger of being dishered, but as there was a reluctance to consign it to the spit, the patient was carried to the veterinary surgery of Mr. S. Baker, where that gentleman's son, Mr. Conrad Baker, after calling in the aid of chloroform to stop its cackling, skillfully opened the crop and extracted the murderous hook. Two days after, the fowl was strutting, hale and healthy, among its fellows.—[Chelmsford Chronicle.]

**HORRIBLE OUTRAGE—YOUNG AMERICA.**—A very aggravated case of the hostility borne by foreigners to American born citizens occurred in Washington City a few days since. A hale looking, athletic German, who emigrated to this country about fifteen years ago, called a young American-born boy, about twelve years of age, from the public streets, and when he got him safely ensconced within his own doors, he took a switch and switched him until he cried and howled so that he might have been heard at a square's distance. To be sure, the American-born boy was the son of the foreign German, and was chastised for joining with other boys in teasing and annoying a poor creature often seen on the streets. When the boy joined his comrades again, they inquired what his father whipped him for; he told them, and acknowledged that he deserved all he got, and would not have cared for the whipping, but did not like to be licked by a foreigner.